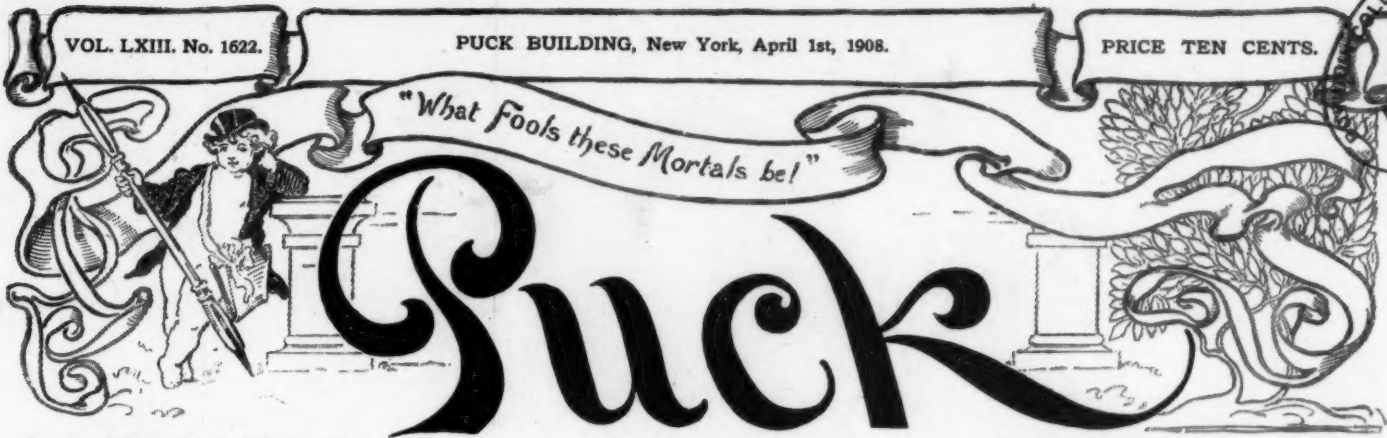


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"Go on! YOU ask 'em! They can't do more than refuse."

"THE DESTRUCTION OF THE POOR IS THEIR POVERTY."



KEPLER & SCHWARZMANN
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PUCK
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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Payable in advance

"Full Steam Ahead!"



OME people do not understand PUCK. They think it is our pleasure, or our peculiar duty, to laugh at everything and everybody. Nothing of the sort.

The men who put this paper together mean business. We appreciate a good joke; we know a good joke when we see one; and whether anybody else will see it, we do not pause to consider—we seek no levels of intelligence, aim at no "average reader." But we also know that the only humor that is worth while—the only humor that *ever* was worth while—is the humor that has a serious foundation. In addition to a sense of humor we have certain convictions of what is right and wrong in government, in business, in life. And that is why we do not choose, or feel obliged, to laugh at everything and everybody. Take the cartoons, for example. Sometimes they are intended to be humorous; more frequently they are not so intended. In short, when this paper is serious it expects to be taken seriously; when humorous—you may take it as you please.

We wish to add that at no time in its career has PUCK been more in earnest than the present, at no time has jocularly had a more serious basis. We believe that the men who have discovered wrong and injustice and cried it aloud have rendered their country an incalculable service, and, further, that there never was greater need of their labors than at the present moment, when a half-awakened public conscience is debating whether to turn over and go to sleep again.

Not "Slow down!" but "Full steam ahead!" is the command of a clear conscience and a sound head. We believe that, absolutely. For this reason: If the experiment of democracy in this country is not to end in crash and failure, the republic must be upbuilt, or rebuilt, on lines of rigid honesty. No compromise! Compromise is a serviceable weapon, but this is not the time for it. This is the time for the naked sword of Honesty. That *now*—or the torch of revolution for our children.

Business has been hurt; yes. Business may be further hurt; yes again. But we are taking *our* share of the hurt. Take yours. PUCK has no respect for business, big or little, that is not honest business. Neither have you—nor *you*. Then why not say so? That is all that is necessary—enough people saying a thing. It goes then.

PUCK'S motto is, "What fools these mortals be!"—not "What *knaves*!" Fools we may be; but here and there a wise man lifts his voice, and PUCK gives ear and stretches out a hand. We are for the cause—*your* cause. And our wish, our purpose, is to extend, as far as lies in our power, the influence of the men who are battling for honest government in the best country under the sun.

THRIFT IN HIGH LIFE.

"For though she was on pleasure bent,
She had a frugal mind."—*Couper.*

"PALGRAVE," said she, to her butler, "a word with you, on business."
Palgrave bowed, courteously, and with a fine absence of condescension or patronage.

"Kindly inform all the servants," she went on, "that I shall expect them, henceforth, to turn over to me a percentage of the tips which they receive from guests at my house-parties."

It put even the high-bred butler to his resources to conceal his astonishment.

"But, Madame, what if they should decline?" he objected, as gently as he might.

"Remind them, in that case," her reply was all in the manner of firmness, "that I have the inviting of the guests, and that it is possible to find eligible people who never give tips."

And her sweet reward was to be assured by her husband that he never had a wife who put up such a front with so little expense to him.



THE FIRST CLEAR MONDAY.

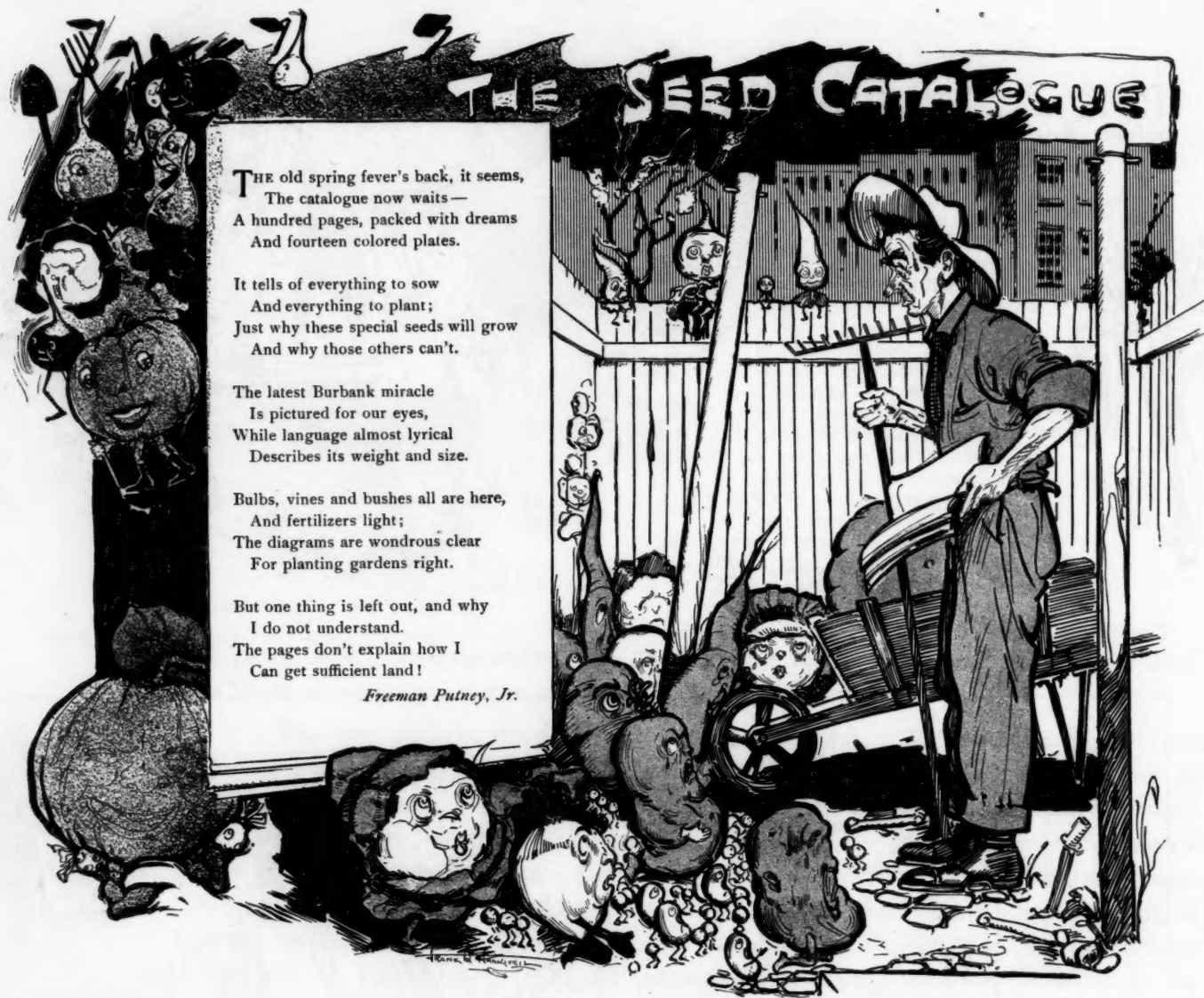
MRS. NOAH.—Well, I'm glad we can make use of *some* of the animals, anyway.

THE true test of greatness is the ability to wear the same size of hat continuously.



HE MIGHT BETTER HAVE STAYED UPSTAIRS.

"Burglars entered the house of G. Watter Marksman on Middle Street last night, prying open the parlor window with a jimmy. Before they could get busy, however, they were discovered by Mr. Marksman, who emptied his revolver at them in the dark. The thieves escaped, but empty-handed, Mr. Marksman reporting no loss to the police."—*Local Paper.*



THE old spring fever's back, it seems,
The catalogue now waits —
A hundred pages, packed with dreams
And fourteen colored plates.

It tells of everything to sow
And everything to plant;
Just why these special seeds will grow
And why those others can't.

The latest Burbank miracle
Is pictured for our eyes,
While language almost lyrical
Describes its weight and size.

Bulbs, vines and bushes all are here,
And fertilizers light;
The diagrams are wondrous clear
For planting gardens right.

But one thing is left out, and why
I do not understand.
The pages don't explain how I
Can get sufficient land!

Freeman Putney, Jr.

THE UNEMPLOYED.



UNDERSTAND you have what is called 'the problem of the unemployed.' What might that be?" asked the Man from Mars.

"That is a very serious problem," answered the Professor of Political Economy. "Now and then, we are unable to find work for a large number of our people."

"I don't see any problem in that,"

said the Man from Mars. "Where I came from, no one wants to work any more than one has to and, if there were no work to be done, it would merely indicate that we were in a highly prosperous condition. However, I must say that your country does not appear to me to have reached that stage of perfection where any considerable number of people could profitably remain idle. That is to say, I see a lot of matters in an unfinished and imperfect condition upon which human labor could well be applied with profit to the community."

"You are right," said the Professor of Political Economy. "But don't you see that, under our system of individual initiative, we have parceled out the control of our jobs to the wise and stable men of the community and of course they could not be expected to provide work unless they could make a profit out of it."

"Oh, that's different," said the Man from Mars. "You say the people make this arrangement and then you say it doesn't work well. Why do the people not change it?"



OLD GAMES ARE BEST.

MR. SWIGGERTON (in hotel room). — Button, button, whosh got th' button?

"That would be unconstitutional and an abrogation of a long line of judicial decisions."

"Are constitutions and judicial decisions of more importance than popular decisions?" asked the Man from Mars, not for the purpose of starting an argument, but to get information.

"Yes and no," answered the Professor.

"Then it looks to me as if the people would some day decide to change the system," said the Marsian.

"That's what we are afraid of," replied the Professor; "but we hope to keep them satisfied by organized charity and free libraries. I must say it's too bad Adam Smith did not explain the matter a little more fully."

Ellis O. Jones.

OVER THE TEA-CUPS.

"THERE'S no use talking —," said my wife.

I ceased to eat my food,
Beside my plate laid fork and knife,
Struck listening attitude,
Sought, mentally at least, to con
Man's meagre lingual power,
While she — went on, and on, and on,
And talked for half an hour!

Roy Farrell Greene.

A PLAUSIBLE THEORY.

TEACHER. — Can any one in the class tell me why a camel can travel for three or four days without water? Well, Percy Motorton?
PERCY MOTORTON. — It's air-cooled!

PUCK

NOT AN OPEN SRRING.

"O," SAID Uncle Si Heck, "I ain't lookin' for what you'd call an open Spring, here in Woodsville, this year: not at all."

The Commercial Drummer leaning against the candy case in Hall's store bit his cigar. Uncle Heck settled himself more comfortably on his inverted nail keg. Eben Burdock Wright leaning on the counter in an attitude of prayer stole a raisin, and looked out of the window.

"S'near's I can make eout," said Uncle Heck, ruminatively, "old Abner Dingle ain't feelin' called on t' open up any of his, elderberry wine, and Eli Green ain't relaxed any in his well-known an' time-honored custom of bein' ruther more'n middlin' tight regardin' free distribution of cider, though folks dew say he's got a dreadful prime article in his cellar." Uncle Heck lit his pipe, and young Hank Steele, sitting on a sugar barrel, gave an unmannerly guffaw.

"Fact is, furthermore," drawled Uncle Heck, "Judy Young's curtains air pulled deoun tight, even when th' minister calls, an' Mis' Arabella Perkinse's front door ain't been opened since Fall before last when Jedediah Hazen called for th' evenin' an' went away 'thout mentionin' marriage, albeit he'd dressed up for th' occasion in his swaller tail coat an' blue necktie which he ain't wore 'em since."

"Folks say," continued Uncle Heck, "that Arabella's grown kinder sour in her disposition since that onfruitful evenin', an' that Jedediah ain't exactly in high favor in the vicinity of her residence. He called there Saint Valentine's Day, an' the premises were nailed up."

Eben Burdock Wright stole another raisin from the box on the counter, and the Commercial Drummer jabbed the stick pin in his red necktie in firmly. Storekeeper Hall dropped a live cigar ash on Eben Burdock Wright's wrong hand, and young Hank Steele reiterated his familiar guffaw.

"It also kinder looks," said Uncle Heck, straightening a tangle in his fine old whiskers, "ez though Almiry Jones had most made



THE FIRST PANIC.

up her mind not t' go t' the Meth'dist picnic this season judgin' from a certain remark she's said tew hev remarked tew th' effect that it was considerable frosty th' way Deacon Judson Brown let her walk home from th' last picnic, though everybody here in Woodsville knows he's been a widower four years, an' Almiry's been a maiden some longer.

"There's likewise an' notwithstandin', also a decided tendency tew constriction in th' ideals of Deacon James Jewett, of th' Baptist Faith, it bein' loudly circulated that th' Deacon ain't disposed tew open up any more'n necessary tew pay taxes, an' is kinder put eout at th' assessors on account of 'em ratin' his ninety acre farm on th' hill at \$750, which same he tried ter sell tew a feller from the city for \$2800, but failed tew connect.

"It's also whispered here in Woodsville that Mis' Judge Young's cut deoun her annual subscription tew the library from \$2.50 tew \$1.25, an' that th' church sociable don't git no cream for coffee 'thout payment for same at schedule rates.

"Spring plowin's late, and Spring plantin's behind as tew acreage an' variety, an' the subscriptions for last Fourth o' July celebration mostly ain't been collected yit, an' it certainly don't look like no open season in no particular, here in Woodsville."

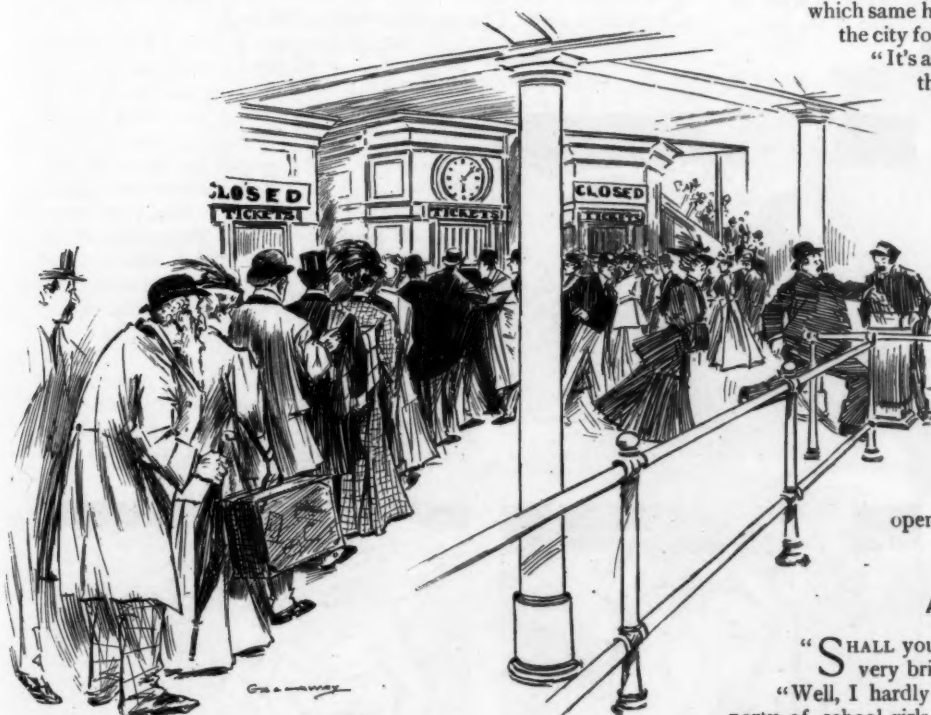
"Uncle Heck," said the Commercial Drummer, "what would happen if some cuss should open a bottle of wine, here in Woodsville?"

"Well," said Uncle Heck, "it would be opened by some outside cuss!" Fred. Ladd.

ANCIENT STANDARDS.

"SHALL you see the new play, Mrs. Brown? It's to be a very brilliant performance, I believe."

"Well, I hardly know. My daughter is to be one of a box-party of school-girls to-night, and if she deems it suitable for a person who acquired her sense of propriety before 1890, I shall probably go. Certain things are discussed on the stage nowadays which perhaps I am too old to hear."



RAPID TRANSIT.

Dividends might have to be cut if more than one ticket window was open at a time.

Symphonies are not much played at musicales. They are so long that the guests become hoarse.

NO ONE TO BLAME.

THE People chose a Mayor who was affable and bland,
Because the Bosses named him and he bore the Party
Brand.

The Mayor made Appointments from among his Party Friends,
And thus redeemed his Pledges and advanced his Party's Ends.

These Friends awarded Contracts, in the customary way,
To sundry wise Contractors who could make the Business pay.

And then the wise Contractors, who approved of Party Rule,
Put up a Gorgeous Building for a Model Public School;

Its walls were lath and plaster and the stairs were kindling
wood.

The Mayor's keen Inspectors viewed the Work and found it
good.

A Fire swept the Building,—no, that wasn't in the Plan;
(How frail amid the Elements the Artifice of Man!)

Two hundred children perished in a hell of smoke and flame.
Deplorable Catastrophe,—but No One is to blame!

Arthur Guiterman.



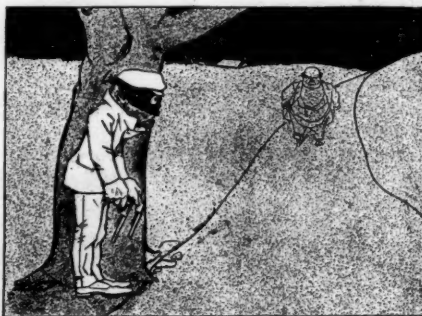
THE TERRIFIC STRUGGLE.

"If there is any time I enjoy a good cigar it is right
after dinner. But I will not be tempted. No,
I have made up my mind to throw off this beastly
habit, and there is no use in considering the
matter further. My will-power is at stake. I shall
never be downed on my resolution to quit. . . . Still,
nothing is as comfortable as an easy-chair and a clear
Havana after a good meal. It is solid enjoyment. With
the smoke curling up and—but what is the use con-
templating all these things? I have decided to stop
smoking. The doctor told me this afternoon that it was
injuring my health. Of course, I do not propose to
continue a habit that is harming me. I must put
my mind on something else. . . . Yet, at my age
of life, one should have pleasures, and cigars have
always been my chief and great happiness. They
say, too, it is not a good idea to stop anything
abruptly. I have always heard it is better to taper off.
Now, there is a good cigar over on the table in the jar. . . .

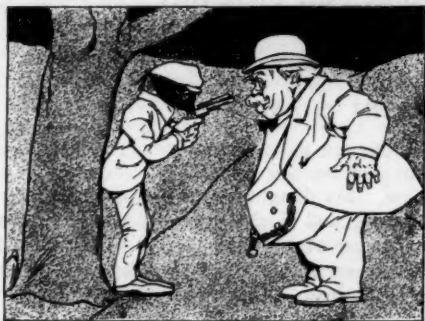


No, I shall not surrender. It is too
late to give in. I said that I would stop
smoking and that settles it. Surely, I am
my own master. I know that it is best for
me not to smoke, and consequently I will not
smoke. I am a man, not a weakling. . . .
How good, though, a cigar would taste right
now? I really never knew they were so de-
licious until I decided to give them up. But
then this tapering-off method looks like a
mighty logical theory. I could stop by de-
grees instead of shutting down all at once.
Let's see: that cigar costs me ten cents. . . .
But I must not touch it. . . . Still, it would
not hurt to take a few puffs. I do not believe
in wasting ten cents. How absurd to throw
away this money! Well, what's the difference?
It's just a postponement. I'll start in all over

HE NEVER FOUND OUT.



"Oh, chee, here comes my meat!"



"Hold up yer hands!"



"Sure."



"I vonder vy he wanted me to do dot."

THE FINISH OF LITTLE EVA.

ST. CLAIR (*on the Kerosene Circuit*).—Oh, Eva darling, tell us
what you see! What is it?

EVA (*who hasn't had her salary for six weeks and who wants to
get hunk*).—I see an easy looking, open-face guy in the second row
that I think I could stick for a supper.

again to-morrow morning and will never touch another cigar as long
as I live."

John H. McNeely.

FAILING FAST.

SILAS SEAVER.—Uncle Peter White ain't as young as he once
was, is he? I been noticin' him a lot lately.

WALLIS WEAVER.—He's a-failin' fast is
Uncle Peter. He wasn't yesterday no more
than able to do the chores, saw an' split his
day's water from th' spring. Then he came
down street in th' mornin' fer his usual con-
stitutional over to Art's, played two games
o' seven-up; went home to dinner an' drove
a beef critter over to Alex. Lape's in th'
afternoon. He was just barely able to totter
down to the store for a few hours last evening
after doin' his chores—an' he only eighty-
seven last May. He ain't th' man he wuz.

WHEN you are dealing with a man who
continually insists that "business is
business," you had better examine all the
documents carefully.

PUCK



EXIT IT.

THE LADY FAIR.—Odds bodikins! Yon goes Sir Launcelot Notterlot. But what boots it?

LEFT IN DOUBT.

"WELL! WELL!" surprisedly ejaculated honest Farmer Hornbeak, in the midst of his perusal of the "Neighborhood Notes" in the *Weekly Plaindealer*. "It says here that Deacon Lician Windiddy, of Grassy Hill, while working in his orchard, was struck on the head and knocked senseless by a large grkanre 5sryg-nialtao shrd shr omfwtxtx gtff, which fell out of a tree."

"Providence moves in mysterious ways its wonders to perform," piously commented good Mrs. Hornbeak. "You know that, Ezry."



"REPLYING TO YOURS OF RECENT DATE—"

If you are a busy man, the time you spend going to and from the office is dead waste. Take the hint.

"Yes, I am aware that it dooz," agreed her husband. "But still it would be a little more considerate, I sh'u'd judge, if Providence, when it lets loose a mysterious dispensation of that sort, would accompany it with a key or chart of explanation, so that the victim could have the satisfaction of knowing whether he had been killed by an extinct reptile or a typographical error."

WHERE ANALOGY FAILS.

HE listened something dully, while they related to him the parable of the ninety-and-nine, yet it forthwith appeared that he had not been inattentive.

"The sheepfold, I take it," this his comment, "figures the church?"

"Precisely," they replied.

"And the ninety-and-nine are the members thereof?"

"You have it!" His discernment delighted them more and more.

"And the one wandering sheep is the sinner unsaved?"

"Yes, yes!"

But now he shook his head.

"It won't do," quoth he, positively.

"If ninety-nine persons out of a hundred belonged to the church, that would fix the style, and a man would no more dare be a sinner off in the wilderness than he would dare wear buff shoes with a plug hat. Your parable may be all right for sheep, but it won't do for people."

And from that position no argument was sufficient to dislodge him.

THE RACES.

SATURDAY is a good time to stay away from the races.

Friday is also a good time to remain at the office and attend to business.

There is another day when it is advisable to keep away from the ponies. That is Thursday.

If you are looking for a day when you can make money by steering clear of the track, I will give you a hot tip: It is Wednesday.

Experts say that there is nothing in the world like "keeping off of them" on Tuesday.

There is still another day on which a man can make a pile of money by cutting out the "tips, weights, and entries," and that is Monday.

On Sunday there are no races.

EXCELLENT.

FARMER JONES.—So you want to hitch up with my darter Sal, hey? Wa-ll, young feller, what are yer prospects?

THE SUITOR.—Paw is 82 and maw 75, both hale an' hearty, so seems ter me Sal would never be a widder, anyway.

WHAT A SHAME!



Little girls who look like this—



When grown up, will look like this—



But little boys who look like this—



When THEY grow up, THEY look like THIS!

A man begins to spout about being born equal only when the inequality crops out.



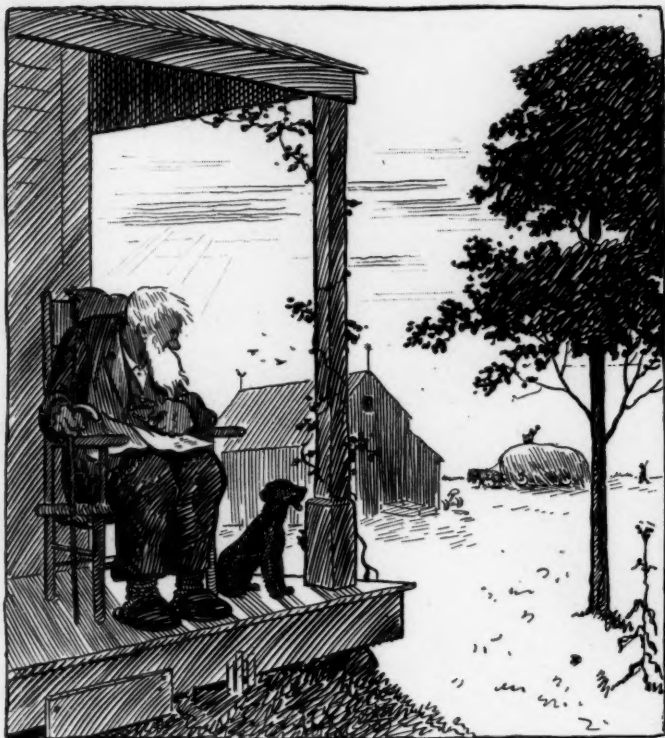
THE PARTNERS.

The people remembered that they were at least silent partners in the railroad business by reason of the franchises they had granted and the investments they had made in the railroad properties themselves.—*Attorney-General Hadley on the railroad as a common carrier.*

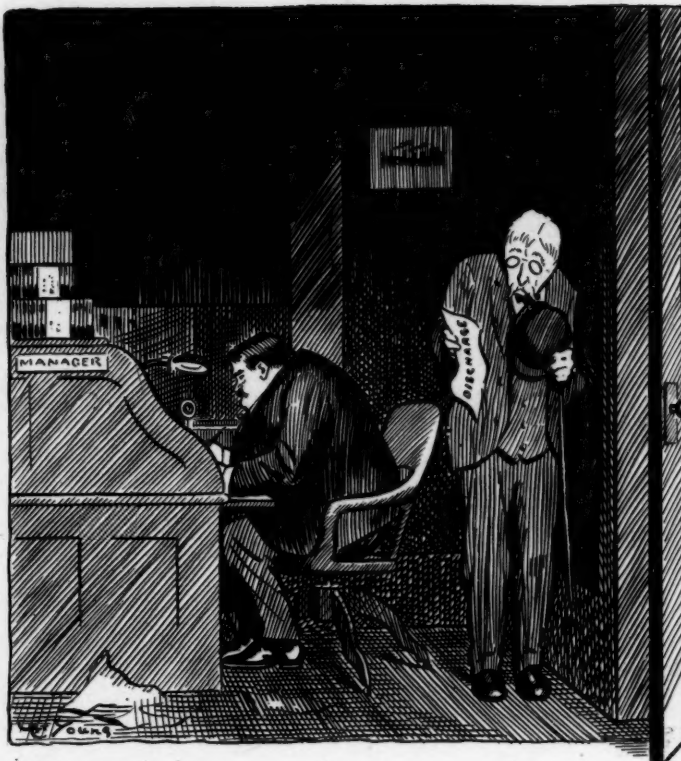


PUCK

PUCK



IN THE COUNTRY.



IN THE CITY.

SONS OF BATTLE.

"Our people need rest and peace."—*Mr. Cleveland.*
 "Saying, Peace, peace; when there is no peace."—*Jeremiah 6:14.*

LET us have peace, and Thy blessing,
 Lord of the Wind and the Rain,
 When we shall cease from oppressing,
 From all injustice refrain;
 When we hate falsehood and spurn it,
 When we are men among men;
 Let us have peace when we earn it,—
 Never an hour till then!

Let us have rest in Thy garden,
 Lord of the Rock and the Green,
 When there is nothing to pardon,
 When we are whitened and clean.
 Purge us of skulking and treason,
 Help us to put them away.
 We shall have rest in Thy season—
 Till then the heat of the fray!

Let us have peace in Thy pleasure,
 Lord of the Cloud and the Sun;
 Grant to us æons of leisure
 When the long battle is done.
 Now we have only begun it:
 Stead us!—we ask nothing more.
 Peace—Rest—but not till we've won it—
 Never an hour before. *B. L. T.*

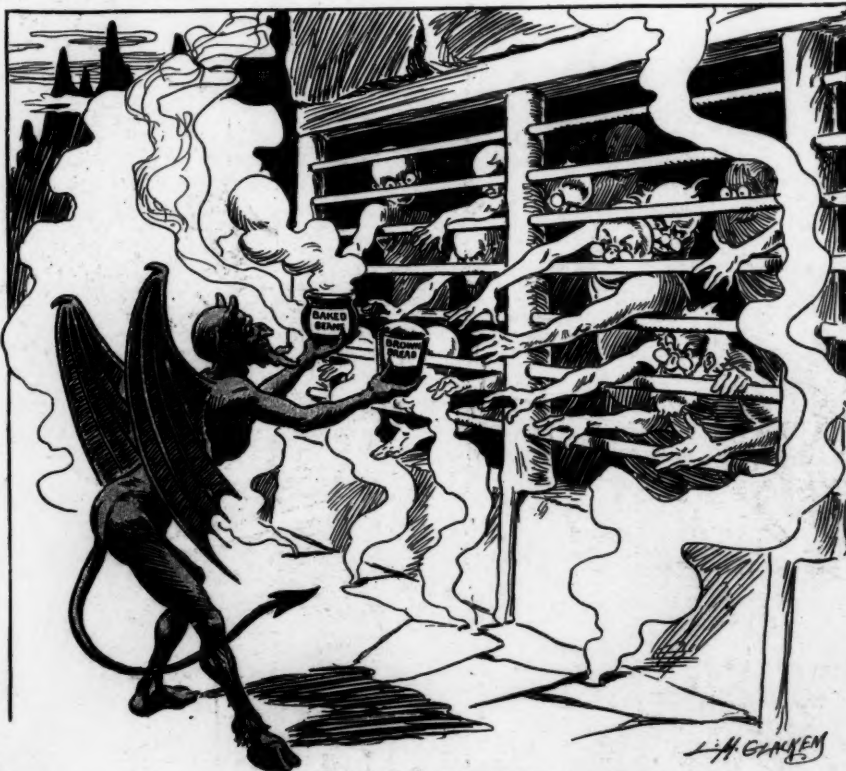
ONE DIFFERENCE.

"RAILROADING is very different from what it was
 a few years ago, is it not, Colonel?" inquired
 the friend of the magnate's boyhood.

"Yes," a bit sadly replied the eminent damner
 of the public. "It seems but yesterday when we con-
 sidered our whole duty done when we put up signs at
 certain crossings bidding people look out for the cars."

Now, on every hand, there are abundant signs bidding us in no un-
 certain tones to look out for the people."

AFTER ALL, if there were no corruption, we would have little
 or nothing to denounce.



HELLISH NOTIONS.

THE BOSTON MAN'S IDEA OF ETERNAL TORMENT.

Getting rich quick may be all right, but trying to do it is dangerous.



THE BREAKING POINT.

MRS. FLYNN.—Th' landlord has raised th' rint t' fifteen darlers, Moike.

MR. FLYNN.—Th' hear-rtless witch! It wor all we could do ivry month to bate him out av tin!

DESCENDANTS OF RANDOLPHS.

CHARACTERS.—SOCIETY EDITOR OF DAILY PAPER.
ANY YOUNG FIANCÉE.

TIME—To-day. PLACE—Anywhere. MEANS OF CONVERSATION—Telephone.



SOCIETY EDITOR.—Hello!

FIANCÉE.—Hello!

SOCIETY EDITOR.—Is this Miss Norcross?

FIANCÉE.—Yes.

SOCIETY EDITOR.—Miss Norcross, I understand your engagement will be announced to-morrow?

FIANCÉE (*tittering*).—Yes; my father and mother are sending out cards.

SOCIETY EDITOR.—Could you give me the name of your fiancé? I want to make mention of the item in our social column.

FIANCÉE.—Why, certainly.

SOCIETY EDITOR.—Thank you so much.

FIANCÉE.—Have you your pencil ready?

SOCIETY EDITOR.—Yes; now begin.

FIANCÉE.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Howard Norcross—

SOCIETY EDITOR.—Yes, I have it.

FIANCÉE.—Announce the engagement of their daughter—

SOCIETY EDITOR.—Go ahead.

FIANCÉE.—Miss Julia Frances to—

SOCIETY EDITOR.—All right.

FIANCÉE.—Mr. James Randolph—

SOCIETY EDITOR.—James Rudolph, did you say?

FIANCÉE.—No, no! Not Rudolph! Randolph!

SOCIETY EDITOR.—Beg your pardon. Handall! Of course, I have it.

FIANCÉE.—Not Handall! Can't you understand? Randolph! Randolph! The famous Virginia family! My fiancé is a direct descendant of the Randolphs. You know, it is an old and aristocratic southern family. I would not have you get it wrong for the world. We have traced James' lineage! He is a Randolph through and through. Please write it correctly.

SOCIETY EDITOR.—You mean R-a-n-d-o-l-p-h.

FIANCÉE.—Yes, the Virginia Aristocrats.

SOCIETY EDITOR.—I have it down.

FIANCÉE.—Now, his last name is Smith. James Randolph Smith.

SOCIETY EDITOR.—Yes, I have his full name now.

FIANCÉE.—The wedding will take place in the late fall.

SOCIETY EDITOR.—Thank you, Miss Norcross. I certainly appreciate your favor.—It shall be in the paper to-morrow.

FIANCÉE.—But don't forget Randolph.

SOCIETY EDITOR.—No. I won't.

FIANCÉE.—The prominent Virginia family.

SOCIETY EDITOR.—I understand.

FIANCÉE.—James is such an aristocrat and we would hate to have the papers make a mistake on his ancestry.

SOCIETY EDITOR.—I shall have it correctly. No chance of a mistake.

FIANCÉE.—Now, remember! R-A-N-D-O-L-P-H! You reporters are always so careless.

John H. McNeely.



A DEAL THAT FELL THROUGH.



BARGENBAUM.—Dot's der only suid in der store dot fits you und you can haf id for only seven eighty-five.

RURAL CUSTOMER.—Yes, an' I like it first rate, but yer see Marm said she thought I orter get a suit for about twenty dollars.



BARGENBAUM (*after recovering from the worst of the blow*).—Goot gott! Anudder shock like dot vill kill me deadt!!

Banquets

and dinners are satisfactory only when the wine is satisfactory.



GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

—the Standard of American Wines

Is the banquet wine *par excellence*. It is the favorite in the homes where the choicest of everything is demanded.

"Of the six American Champagnes exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1900, the GREAT WESTERN was the only one that received a GOLD MEDAL."

PLEASANT VALLEY WINE CO.
Sole Makers, - Rheims, N.Y.

Sold by respectable wine dealers everywhere.

HE OUGHT TO KNOW.

Ex-Gov. Black angrily remarks that "there are plenty of humbugs in this world making a living at it." Those who will compare Mr. Black's forced speech nominating Theodore Roosevelt in 1904 with his most recent utterance on the same subject must agree that the Governor ought to know all there is to know in the humbug line. — *Chicago Evening Post*.

A RANK OUTSIDER.

"What makes you think New Orleans is an un-American city?"

"Why, the people down here say they have hardly felt the stringency at all." — *Phila. Ledger*.

NO MAN is so good he doesn't have a number of love affairs in his mind. — *Atchison Globe*.

Purity, mellowness and rare flavor are the distinguishing qualities of

Sunny Brook Whiskey

THE PURE FOOD

Distilled and bottled under supervision of U. S. Internal Revenue Officers. Every bottle bears the Government "Green Stamp" assuring full age, proof and quantity. Ask for it

SUNNY BROOK
Distillery Co.
Jefferson County, Kentucky

THE POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.

FIRST IRISH-WOMAN.—That's the jile!

SECOND IRISH-WOMAN (*horrified*).—Phat, the jile?

F. I. (*mysteriously*).—Yiss, the jile.

S. I. (*incredulously*).—You doant say!

(*Awed silence*).

F. I. (*bursting with news*).—That's where they put crim-

inils.

S. I. (*whispering*).—Criminils?

F. I. (*very low*).—Yiss, and murderers

BOTH (*pale as death*).—Murderers!

(*Ten minutes' frightened silence*).

S. I. (*slowly*).—So we've seen the jile

F. I. (*forcibly*).—Yiss, where they put

murderers.

S. I.—And crim-

inils.

F. I.—Yiss, crim-

inils.

BOTH (*with concentrated emotion*).—My!!—*H. Lampoon*.

STYLE NEATNESS COMFORT THE IMPROVED BOSTON GARTER

The Name is stamped on every loop—Be sure it's there

THE *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS

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Grape fruit is made still more appetizing by a few dashes of Abbott's Bitters. Try it at to-morrow's breakfast.

THE unhappier a man's marriage is, the more he warns other men against marriage; the unhappier a woman's marriage, the more of a matchmaker she becomes. — *Atchison Globe*.

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ARIZONA is blowing around about one of her citizens who sheared 325 sheep in nine hours. He couldn't get into Wall Street as an amateur. — *Detroit Free Press.*



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PROFESSIONAL FARMER. — Wall, no, not exactly. I reckon on raisin' enough to send to market an' if there's any over I supply my table.

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A MAN never got off a joke so stale that he couldn't laugh at it himself. — *Atchison Globe.*

JANUARY imports of \$85,000,000; January exports of \$206,000,000—the way this country can both hustle and economize when it has to is a caution. — *N. Y. World.*

PUBLIC OFFICE A PRIVATE SPIN.

Public office and an auto go together nowadays. Red tape and bureaucracy, crepe and death, rice and weddings, these are the accustomed badges of life, and to them has been added the political job and the auto—the one the necessary and accustomed badge of the other. It used to be that when a man was elected or appointed to high office like that of constable, sheriff, coroner, deputy, alley inspector, health officer or what not he was content to risk his life with the rest of the pedestrians or to ride on the unassuming street car in the line of his duty, or, if he were extravagant, in a carriage. That day has gone. Every official who is not asleep at a desk must have an auto. When a man runs for office now he understands that he is running for an auto. It is the livery of the public service, the uniform of officialdom, and the badge of petty importance. — *Detroit News.*



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You can buy Pears' everywhere.

CONCERNING THE DODO.

What William Allen White says of the political trend in the West is confirmed by every competent witness. The vast majority of the people of the West, Democrats and Republicans, are determined that there shall be no turning back because of the complaints of a few reactionaries.

Apparently the progressive spirit is not nearly so strong in the East. We know that in certain circles the hostility to Roosevelt is very bitter and outspoken. But the power of the West must be recognized, and every day brings fresh proofs of the stupidity of those Roosevelt haters among the Republicans who divide their venom between the President and Secretary Taft. Their overwhelming desire is to be rid of Roosevelt. They object not only to his policies but to his methods. He gets on their nerves and makes them both wrathful and fearful. Yet of all the people in the country they are the ones who are giving the most hope to the uncompromising third-termers. The latter figure that the reactionaries may possibly prevent the nomination of Taft and that it will then be Roosevelt with a rush. No one who has traveled west of New York thinks for a moment that a reactionary can win.

Under the circumstances it would look very much as though the eastern Republican who proposes to eliminate both Roosevelt and Taft were the worst dodo in the business. — *Chicago Record Herald.*

THE other day a Chicago man laughed until he fell over and cut his head on a radiator. Some one must have assured him that the Republicans will revise the tariff immediately after the next election. — *Washington Post.*

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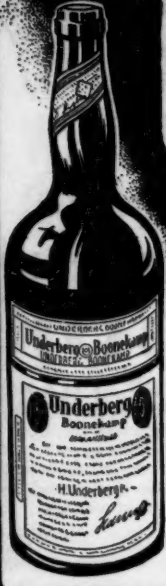
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We have lived in Kansas a good many years, and have visited many farms, but have yet to see a milkmaid who looks like those on the stage. Usually, the milkmaid is a man, and when the milkmaid happens to be a woman she wears rubber boots, a very unbecoming dress, and looks worn, over-worked and tired, and there is a baby or two at her heels. The stage, to be up-to-date, should shoo off the milkmaids and substitute milking machines.—*Atchison Globe.*

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RURAL CITIZEN.—What! Caleb Longbotham voted in favor of improvin' the roads! Why, las' year he was dead sot agin it; said the automobileers 'ould get all the benefit.

HIS NEIGHBOR.—Yep; but Caleb has bought a second-hand auto.

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THE WHITE HOUSE BAROMETER.

"May withhold new message," says a Washington dispatch of a threatened pronouncement from the White House. In the capacious Presidential armory, the message is a weapon of infinite degrees and forms of application, from the Olympian document of 40,000 words reverberant with the thunder of Jove's wrath, to the pacific piping of a conciliatory snippet of 5,000 words on inland waterways. The Presidential collection of documentary arms offers a nice choice. Observe the fine gradation: The President has sent a violent message to Congress dealing with railway presidents and other malefactors. The President has sent a strongly worded message to Congress dealing with nature-fakers. The President has sent a tersely worded message to Congress. The President has sent a message to Congress; its tone is gentle but firm. The President has written a message to Congress, but has not sent it as yet. The President is threatening to write a message to Congress. The President is thinking of writing a message to Congress. The President is hesitating; there will probably be a message to Congress. Some one has called on the President; will there be a message to Congress? What, besides a Presidential message, can so completely combine the functions of a weapon and a barometer?—*Evening Post.*

A CHELSEA sixteen-year-old girl who wants to dance all the time was displeased when her father told her the other day that she was very well educated now up to her knees, and that he wished she would begin at the other end and go down.—*Somerville Journal.*

PROTECTION AD ABSURDUM.

The Free Art League is supported by artists all over the country, and they are engaged in a long and tedious campaign to secure into this country the free entrance of works of art. American artists do not ask protection from the rivalry of foreign artists. They say that the more such works are brought into the country the better for them, as it creates an atmosphere of art which helps them. Perhaps the absurdity is greatest in the case of paintings, sculpture and archeological objects from a hundred to five thousand years old, whose value is historical, and where the competition of living artists is absurd. The tariff only protects forgeries. A newly discovered statue by Praxiteles, if bought by Morgan, has to remain in his English collection because the tariff charge of perhaps \$100,000 is imposed to protect American industries. The Queen of England can see it, but not an American resident here. — *The Independent.*

NICK LONGWORTH is restive under the suspicion that he is the Baby McKee of this administration. Oh, well, even Baby McKee outgrew it.—*Rochester Herald.*

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THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Upon his face a frown,
'Twas hot to stand upon the deck,
But 'twas hotter sitting down.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A Burlesque Historical Novel

Monsieur d'en Brochette

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This "historical" account of certain of the adventures of Huenos Pasada Par Agua, Marquis of Pollio Grille, and Count of Pate de Foie Gras, is a clever and amusing burlesque on the novel of historio-adventure. We consider it strange it has not been done before, but it is certainly well done now.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Monsieur D'En Brochette" is a capital travesty of the romances of the sword by American imitators of Alexandre Dumas which have been so numerous and popular in the last few years. The satire is keen and even the victims cannot fail to admire the skill with which the sharp thrusts are given.

—*The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

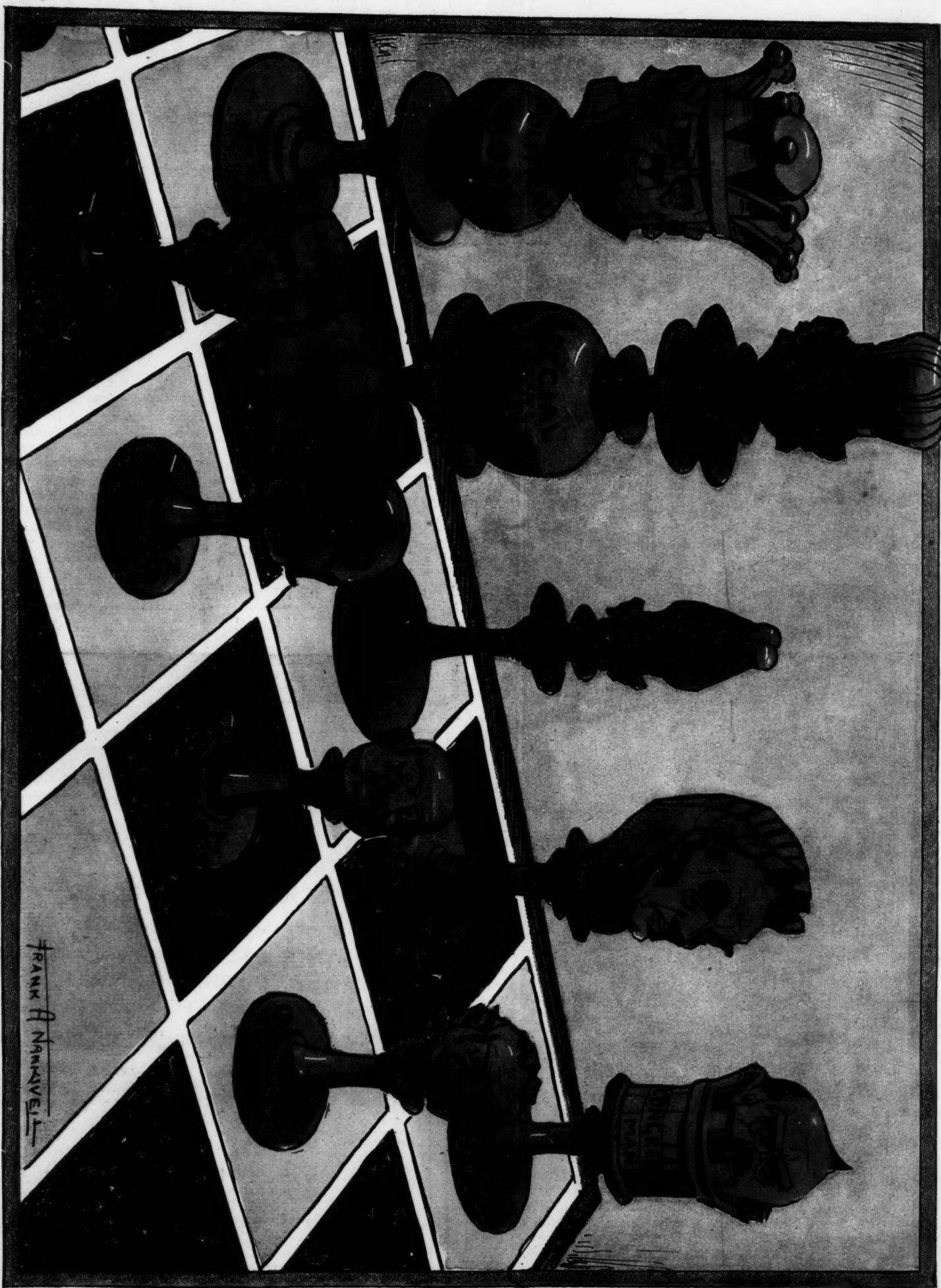
The adventures which Robert Gaston de Launay Alphonse, Marquis of Pollio Grille, Count of Pate de Foie Gras, and Much Else Besides, succeeds in crowding into the short space of forty-eight hours are astounding.

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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